

WE WISH YOU HEARTILY THE SEASON'S



Prompted by a sense of deep appreciation and an earnest desire to convey to our good friends and patrons our feeling toward them, we send this greeting. As the tide of good wishes flow to you during the Joyous Holiday Season, we assure you that none are more sincere than ours for your prosperity and unlimited happiness.

Yes, we wish you a Merry Christmas and may it be the merriest one the world has ever seen in all the centuries which have passed since that first glorious Christmas Day far off in Bethlehem.

In the Yuletide joy we shall not forget here to say that we deeply appreciate the loyal patronage, the friendship and good will of the many friends of

MODEL MARKET AND GROCERY

HOBBS BROS., Proprietors

SANTA BANNED BY PURITANS

Christmas Was Utterly Denounced as Evil and Ungodly in Early Days.

IN THE early days of America's history Christmas festivities were not generally observed.

In one state the observation of Christmas was utterly denounced as an evil, ungodly and pernicious custom, and any child daring to think of as much as a plum pudding on that day would make himself liable to reproof by the authorities.

All along the stern and rock-bound coast, Geraldine Ames writes in the Churchman, the only Christmas trees in the days of the Puritan domination were those that nature had planted there and had adorned with fleecy snow. The trees burned brightly on the open hearths, but as far as the children knew, Christmas was just like any other day in the calendar. Even after the Puritan reaction against the forms and customs of the old church had spent itself to some extent the children of the seventeenth century still expected no gifts in honor of the birth of Christ.

ASK FOR CHRISTMAS PEACE

Let All Pray to God for Perfect Rest and Perfect Power and Perfect Love.

CHRISTMAS peace is God's and he must give it himself with his own hand, or we shall never get it. Go then to God himself. Thou art his child, as Christmas Day declares: Be not afraid to go unto the Father. Pray to Him; tell Him what thou wantest; say, "Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing. I fear I cannot keep Christmas aright for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me; and I know that I shall never get it by thinking, and reading, and understanding, for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it, does peace, in the very essence of thine undivided, unmoved, absolute, eternal Godhead, which no change nor decay of this created world, nor sin or folly of men or devils, can ever alter; but which abideth forever what it is in perfect rest, and perfect power and perfect love. O, Father, give me Thy Christmas peace."—From Town and Country Sermons.

1922 Christmas Greetings

We extend to you the greetings of the season and may you be blessed throughout a Prosperous New Year with good health, good friends and happiness. We extend thanks, too, for business accorded us in the past.

W.F. McILVAIN

Uncle Santa Claus

By Christopher G. Hazard

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"TELL us a story, Uncle Peter," said the children, as they climbed over their kindly relative one Christmas eve. "A story!" repeated Uncle Peter, affecting surprise, but willing to draw upon his inexhaustible stock; "Well, have you ever heard of Uncle Santa Claus?" "Oh, you mean Uncle Santa Claus!" exclaimed Jack. "No, I don't," said Uncle Peter; "I mean the old man with the plug hat, the blue swallowtail coat, the striped breeches; the old man with eyes like stars and a smile that never comes off excepting when somebody is treading on somebody else; the old man with the striped flag, whose headquarters is up in Alaska; the biggest Santa Claus there is." "All right, then," answered the children, "tell us about him."

"Well," said Uncle Peter, "he has his hands full just now and is doing all he can to fill the hands of others. The air is so noisy with wireless cries and clamors, there are so many hands reaching out over the seas, that he is almost distracted. Ever since he got back from the great war he has been repairing its damage and renewing the prosperity that it spoiled. And long before that he was in the Christmas business. He surprised China by refusing to accept the great sum of the Boxer indemnity. He let the Cubans have Cuba when he had made them free, and many thought that he had a right to take that fair island for himself. He is working hard at his task of making America truly American, a sober, industrious, enlightened, prosperous, happy, Christmas nation."

"I'm glad I'm one of his American children," said Agnes, when Uncle Peter had concluded; with which sentiment all the rest agreed.

A little cloud of doubt had arisen on the Christmas sky, however, as



"I'm Glad I'm One," Said Agnes.

Uncle Peter had spoken of Uncle Santa's lavishness in far countries. Edith voiced it when she wanted to know if it would be of any use for them to expect anything that Christmas, whether or not they were to hang up their stockings. "You'll put your foot in it if you do," said George. "No, she won't," said Uncle Peter; "I have had a special delivery letter from Uncle Santa, saying that he has had his eye on this house for the last twelvemonth, and that this will be one of his stopping places because from it so much of service for others has been going out. He says that you are his gardeners, and that you have planted so many seeds of kindness that a lot of beautiful things will be sure to come up. That is always the way, he says; in fact, it is the way in which he got rich himself."

This was a very pleasant assurance for the children. It made them think of a happy mistake that one of them had made when they were having war gardens all over the town: A certain Mr. Rose had been appointed by the mayor as inspector of gardens for the whole place, and one day Betty pointed him out to a friend with whom she was walking. "There goes Mr. Rose," she said; "he's an expecter of gardens!"

When the children had been reminded of Mr. Rose they also remembered what Betty had done at their last Christmas party; staking heavily and pompously down the room, she had said: "I'm Mr. Atlas, who holds up the world." So one of them stood on tiptoe, threw back her head and threw out her arms and said: "I'm Uncle Santa Claus, who holds up the world." "Well done!" cried Uncle Peter; "that's just it!"

There wasn't any disappointment in the house the next morning. "Did you get all that you wanted?" asked Uncle Peter. "Yes," said Mary. "Were you at all disappointed?" "No," said Mary. When Mary said "Goodness," her mother said, "You shouldn't say 'goodness,' Mary." "Gracious!" said Mary. But Mary was too excited to have a care for her expressions. In describing the situation afterwards she said: "I was in a perfect stupor of excitement."

Uncle Peter had a present, too. After all the rest had been made happy Agnes brought out a parcel, and when Uncle Peter opened it there were two big books that told over again the story of all that America had stood for and accomplished. This made him very glad indeed, and he asked them to write his name on the fly leaf and to say that it was from his Young Americans. Then the Christmas party ended with a verse of our national anthem, heartily sung and followed by all the other verses, with a hurrah for Uncle Sam instead of an amen.

CHRISTMAS OPENS THE HEART

It is the Gladdest Season When the Happiest People Are Those Who Give the Most.

CHRISTMAS is one of the words of the language that convey a suggestion, create a vision, project an atmosphere of glamour, romance and sentiment far greater than themselves.

To say Christmas is to open the eyes of the mind and the doors of the heart to the dearest recollections of our childhood; and these fond and shadowy remembrances mean little unless they create in us the desire to have Christmas mean as much to children today as it meant to us when we were tiny.

For Christmas, the birthday of an immortal child, was, is and must remain especially the festival of the

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year and as you grow older may each Christmas bring greater cheer and good things to you.

Come to our shop for half-soleing\$1.

W. H. C. SMITH
LEATHER SHOP

bright innocence of infancy. That is why we resent it when some over-literal and painfully conscientious person rises up in duty bound to declare there is no Santa Claus. Such joy-killers, robbing the nursery of an illusion cherished, would take away the fairy tales and quell the spirit of adventure and flood every mystery of shadowland with the light of common day.

Let no improving modernist tamper with the old-time, traditional observ-

MERRY XMAS TO YOU

We hope you will have enough work mixed with your play; enough margin with your sales, and enough collections with your credits to make the year 1923 a Happy and Prosperous one for you.

The Service Barber Shop

ance of Christmas. We need for the life of our own souls the Christmas tree and the Yule log at the domestic hearth, and the stockings hung a-row, and the joyful clatter of the great morning, and the dinner with the family gathered round in glad reunion.

We need the sweet custom of the interchange of tokens, when into that custom there creeps no accent of compulsion, no hint of a mercenary calculation. For we know that it is of the very essence of Christmas to give, not to receive. The blessing rests on those whose love, "great enough to hold the world," seeks outlet on this day to other lives—cramped and pinched, alone and poor, meager in comfort, facing the day without a smile and the night without the pillow of a hope.

It is a wretched celebration of the time to shut oneself in with a surfeit of a feast and a piled hoard of gifts and exult that we have so much. Those whose Christmas is the merriest, whose coming year is certain to be happiest, are those who give the most away, and in the giving give themselves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nut Bread.
One egg, 1 cupful sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 large cupful nuts, a little salt.
Use enough water to mix; let stand 20 minutes; bake slowly one hour.



THE MOST JOYFUL SEASON OF THE YEAR

Now that Christmas is near at hand, the most joyful season of the year, when the spirit of giving is in the hearts of everyone, it is the time to visit this interesting store.

Purdy's Furniture Store

GOOD SCHEME.

Doing your Christmas shopping early, ain't you Jones?

Well, you see I want to get my wife's Christmas present before my creditors get around to buying their wife's presents.



Custom never makes right out of wrong, but it causes some convenient lapses of memory.

We are in a position to give all
**Job
Printing**
Prompt and Careful
Attention

Individuality in your letter-heads and other printed matter is helpful to your business. We are ready at all times to give you the benefit of our experience.

TO OUR—

FRIENDS AND PATRONS

Accept our cordial Christmas Wishes and our hope that the New Year will light your path to continued prosperity and happiness.

QUALITY BAKERY